

Rejected Protector Chapter 1

I am a true pureblood Gamma. I come from ten generations of Gammas. To most people, that means nothing. To me, it means everything. I am a warrior. I was born to be a warrior like my father and mother, their fathers and mothers, and so on, as far back as 10 generations. My bloodline is pure. Our warrior gene is one of the strongest in the werewolf kingdom. My family has been the Gamma couple and lead warriors since the pack was founded over 1000 years ago.

At seventeen, I am one of the strongest wolves in our pack. I can already best fully grown males and she-wolves. So far, my parents and the Alpha are the only ones who have only bested me. The Beta and I are pretty even. Though I lose against him more than I win. Most members of the pack are proud of my strength and know that I will always use my strength to protect and train my pack.

The future alpha does not like that I am more skilled and possibly stronger than him, especially since I am a female werewolf, better known as a “she-wolf” in the werewolf world. My wolf and I think he should get over himself. I am who I am, and I am proud of it. My name is Seleste, future Gamma of the Blue Moon pack, the youngest lead warrior in the history of our pack and assistant warrior trainer. I am a part of our pack’s elite forces, The Elite 12; one of the first and youngest females. My grandmother was the first female member of the Elite 12.

I was born with the symbol of the protector on my shoulder. It’s a crescent moon with a star in the center. What most people don’t know is that my family are direct descendants of Fenroe, the original Gamma. He was the first protector and one of the original werewolves created by the moon goddess. My grandmother told me the history of our family on my twelfth birthday when she passed down the Crescent Moon pendant, which is usually passed down to the firstborn of every generation. For our generation, that’s me. I was born one day before my cousin Mona.

According to the history passed down by my grandmother, the moon goddess initially created six werewolves; three mate pairs. They were her representatives in the supernatural community. All six wolves were alpha wolves with unmatched skills and strength. Each couple had a specific task to perform. The moon goddess tasked one pair with planning and overseeing her agenda on the earth; one couple were master negotiators, hunters, and

trackers; and my ancestors Fenroe and Tomyris were the warriors and protectors of all were kind. Fenroe bore the original protector symbol. The supernatural council called him whenever there was trouble or a threat to the supernatural community.

As the werewolf community grew, the original pack was formed. Although the original six were all dominant wolves and were not subject to each other, they shared the management of the pack by assigning different duties based on their skill set. The couple that were the overseers; Rommel and Zenobia became the alpha couple and the negotiator and hunter; Takeko and Nakando became the beta couple.

Over time, the moon goddess created more packs, sending the ancestors of the original wolves to different areas and packs to keep the werewolf kingdom strong and diverse. The ancestors of the originals have the same strength and skills as their ancestors. Their wolves could also be considered alpha wolves, though the beta and gamma families choose to stay true to their heritage.

My great, great (well, I don't remember how many greats) grandfather connected with the alpha of the Blue moon pack over a millennium ago and helped him form this pack. Since the beginning, my family, the alpha family, and the beta family have remained closed. We are the foundation of this pack. All three families committed to continuing to serve the pack together. To date, neither family has broken that commitment. We have always chosen to stay loyal and submit to the alpha family.

The role of the protector has remained with my family. Traditionally, the firstborn child of every other generation becomes the proctor at the death of the previous protector. The chosen protector trains the future proctor when they turn 12 years old or have their first shift. All protectors have a birthmark on their left shoulder to show their status. My grandmother was the previously chosen protector. The role now falls to me. So far, the council has not called me, but I am well prepared. The proctors have several roles in the werewolf community, as well as

in the pack. We serve as Gamma, Lead Warrior, and trainer.

I am now the assistant trainer for the pack. My parents are so proud of me. The alpha chose me because I study different combat forms. Over the last five summers, I have traveled to different packs and trained with their elite

warriors. I have also trained with many human combat masters. I take my role as Gamma and protector seriously. You can say it's my destiny. For now, I train self-defense to the pups who have not shifted yet and advance combat to the high-ranking warriors. I love what I do. I want to make sure that my pack is the best trained one in the country. The alpha recently spoke with my parents and me about me training some of the smaller packs in our state. This will be a great opportunity to meet more people and possibly my mate if he is not a part of my pack. I really hope my mate will be another Gamma or an elite warrior.

We are a warrior pack. We train hard and pride ourselves on our skills and are always learning and developing our fighting skills. I have been sparring with Beta Vareen since I was 12 years old. I have not had a clear decisive win against him since he taught me how to do hand-to-hand combat. Today, we are introducing some new moves I picked up while training with a pack in Asia. Beta Vareen volunteered to be my partner for today. It turns out to be a full challenge between the two of us. Beta Vareen is the best fighter after my parents, so everyone loves to see us training together. This is the first time we've challenged each other in a couple of years. Beta Vareen has been pushing me to accept challenges again. I have focused more on the teaching side of training over the last year. Since my match with Trevor, I have avoided sparring with anyone other than one of the Elite 12. With the Elite 12, I am free to be myself and not worry about being judged for showing my skill. I know the alpha and Beta Vareen worry about me and try to push me every chance they get.

"Come on Seleste, focus!" Beta Vareen yells at me.

"Sorry Beta. I'm ready." I answer, shaking off his last hit.

"Seleste. I'm not him, I can take a loss if you can give me one." Beta Vareen links with an understanding nod. Beta Vareen and I talked about how I have been hesitant to fight other ranked wolves outside of the Elite 12 after what happened with the future alpha. I don't want to make any more enemies because I'm blessed with superb fighting skills.

"ok. You asked for it."

We get back in our fighting stands and... add another win to my list.

Yes, I put the Beta on his butt this morning.

“Good job Seleste. Just like I taught you, wait, watch and execute. Wait for the opening. Watch for a tell or weakness, then execute your advantage. Now you can say, you have finally bested me in a challenge. I’m so proud of you. Remember, you don’t have to dial down your skill for anyone. Just be who the goddess made you. Now go get ready for school.”

“Thanks, Beta Vareen,” I say as I grab my water bottle and head to our home.

The members of the Elite 12 and my circle of friends; well at least nine of them were there cheering me on.

“Congratulations Seleste. You were awesome. I loved the way you put my dad on his b.utt. Where did you learn that tricky move from where you slid under him and jumped over his back to trip him?” Ben asked.

“That was a little something I picked up during one of my summer trips,” I answered.

“I hope that will be added to the advanced combat training.” Timothy, one of the Elite 12, stated.

“I guess I can add that move and a couple of others that I have not pulled out for you all yet.”

I love that my fellow warriors are excited about learning new techniques. Tamaska is so proud of the attention and praise that we get from the warriors. She is literally running through my mind doing her little happy dance. This was the first time we have had a decisive win against the Beta Vareen.

My mom and dad greet me as I come in to get ready for school.

“We heard about your win today.’ My dad says. “We are so proud of you. Your grandmother would be over the moon that her grandbaby beat the unbeatable Beta.”

“Thanks, dad. I really miss my grandmother. I wish she could see how much progress I have made.’

“Oh honey, she is up there with the moon goddess and our ancestors watching over her baby girl smiling and bragging.” My mom says while hugging me.

“Now go shower, you smell,” my mom says.

I grab an apple and run upstairs to my room.